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THE THEOLOGY OF THE HEART.

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivel'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying in the light;
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fall beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and nature then at strife,
That nature lends such evil dreams
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God.

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is lord of all,
And faint by trust the larger hope.

—*From Tennyson's "In Memoriam."*

Watts with Variations.

The Providence *Journal* tells of an ambitious down-east-country choir that succeed in introducing a bass viol into the little gallery, behind whose red curtains the choir sang in exclusive solitude every Sunday. The preacher was very fond of one of Watts' songs, in which are the lines:

"Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound."

The leader of the choir, whose head was a little turned by the bass viol, suggested to his beloved pastor the following improvement upon this couplet, which he had prepared, and considered decidedly more appropriate:

"Oh, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin."

The worthy pastor found no fault with the couplet, but suggested that he thought he could yet slightly improve on the hymn which he gave as follows:

"Oh, may my heart go diddle, diddle,
Like unto David's sacred fiddle."

But the original hymn was sung.

The 64-65 Puzzle.

The following curious puzzle beats the celebrated "13-15-14," and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of paper or card-board thirteen inches long and five wide, thus giving a surface of sixty-five inches. Now cut this strip diagonally, as true as you can, giving two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure exactly five inches from the larger end of each strip and cut in two pieces. Take these slips and put them into the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be just eight inches each way, or sixty-four square inches—a loss of one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that inch?

Boys, if you wish to ever amount to anything, put in all your leisure moments to study and the improvement of your minds.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

There's no doubt that Robinson was a good fellow at heart, and meant well; but it is astonishing what an amount of trouble a man may bring upon himself by undertaking too much for his fellow-creatures. I don't suppose there was another man in our store that took the interest Robinson did in the different wardrobes of his fellow-clerks. If a man got a new hat, Robinson noticed it right away; wanted to know where it was bought, when and why, and generally concluded by saying that if the purchaser had consulted him, he might have made a better bargain. And I've no doubt he would. Robinson would have made it a point to favor him with his influence and experience, both of which were considerable. The same way with coats, or pants or boots, or anything! But notwithstanding all this, very few of our boys consulted Robinson in these matters; they generally bought their articles with a reckless indiscrimination that was painful to a man constituted as Robinson was. It seemed hard, when a man took the interest in his fellow-creatures that Robinson did, that his motives should be misconstrued, unappreciated. I remember when I bought that new ulster of mine, I disliked for some reason or other to see Robinson. I had a ridiculous aversion to telling him just where I got it, and when, and how much it cost, and what I did with the other one. It was a kindly sympathy on Robinson's part, there's no doubt about that; but it was wasted as far as our boys were concerned.

"Why don't the fellow mind his own business?" they said. "What does he want to manage other people's concerns for?"

So I was glad when he told me confidentially that he was about to be married. I felt then that his interest would be so absorbed in the one object that it would be impossible to diffuse it all over the universe.

Robinson seemed to have a treasure. Of course everybody thinks so; but I knew that Robinson would know more, and be less likely to be deceived, than other men, and he had, as I supposed, gained the confidence of the family into which he proposed to marry. I was afraid that his prospective mother-in-law might object to some of Robinson's ways, but he told me he got on with her splendidly. I thought she was a remarkable woman, not altogether because she got on so well with Robinson, but from Robinson's conversation I imagined she must be very clever.

"The fact is," said Robinson, "we are mutually interested in the same topics. We sit and talk about domestic matters for hours together, while Anna thrums over her new pieces on the piano, and Mrs. Page has told me, time and again, if there's one thing more than another she admires in my character, it's the interest I take in little domestic details that most men despise or hold in utter indifference. You see, Smith, marriage is a sacred obligation."

"Undoubtedly, Robinson."

"And requires study, Smith. I wouldn't have been a successful buyer if I hadn't inquired into all the intricacies of our line of business."

"You certainly can judge of a good article, Robinson."

"And, Smith, the one I've secured now, is beyond price. She's just the kind of goods a man wants to rest his eyes upon when he's tired of shams and shoddies. Annie isn't brought up to dazzle and deceive. Her mother has taken great pains to inculcate in her daughter qualifications of mind and character that will make her a good wife and mother. Mrs. Page is an excellent woman, Smith."

"And I suppose her daughter is like her."

"Well, no, Smith. She can't converse and reason with her mother's appreciative qualities. Annie's mind is less astute."

"Well, she's young yet."

"She's as simple and pliable as a little child. I'm a happy man, Smith."

I was delighted to hear him say so, and told him so, and at the wedding I expressed it as my opinion that his happiness would last. I was charmed with his wife. She seemed such a nice, jolly little creature, so unaffected and simple in her manner, and had a wonderful magnetism about her. She was as plump and round as a little partridge, with big, black melting eyes and a pretty little mouth. I can't say I was so much drawn to her mother. She was a fine looking woman, with a deep voice, and something very firm about the contour of her jaw. Mrs. Page had more of what they call character in her face than her daughter would ever have; but I haven't the admiration for a face with character that some men have. Robinson always said that he liked that kind of thing, and he certainly had it in his mother-in-law. Robinson spent the better part of an hour talking with her that night, while I was chatting with his wife. I came away convinced that marriage must be a very pleasant thing, with a little wife like Robinson's, and my bachelor quarters looked exceedingly dingy and forlorn.

I don't know how it was, but I took an extraordinary interest in Robinson's marriage, and was sorry to see a cloud on the matrimonial horizon before six months was over.

"We've gone to housekeeping you know," said Robinson. "I was afraid Annie would want to board at home with her mother, but Mrs. Page agreed with me that it was best to build a little nest of our own. She took the kindest interest in everything, and wanted to go to house-hunting with Annie, and to help her to pick out the furniture. But I had already secured a house, and bought the furniture of friends of mine in the business, who would favor me in prices. As to bed linen, carpets, and things of that sort, I got them here in the store at cost. In Heaven's name, Smith, is there any reason why a man shouldn't hire his own house and purchase his own furniture?"

"None whatever," I replied, "unless it may be that his wife desired the same privilege."

"But she didn't, Smith. Annie said she was glad to leave it to me. I took the little woman in my arms and kissed her, and felt my heart lightened of a heavy load that somehow rested there since my last interview with her mother. But Mrs. Page's manner is yet very unpleasant, Smith—very. I don't want to say that she accuses me of robbing Annie of any legitimate happiness, but she conveys some such impression to my mind, and it makes me feel like a malefactor. I'm so fond of my wife that the thought of depriving her of the smallest joy is misery to me."

"Well, these little trifles will all come right, Robinson. It isn't as if your mother-in-law lived with you."

"She's only round the corner, Smith. I thought of that when I took the house, that it would be so comfortable for Annie to live near her old home, and have the attention and advice of her mother. As Heaven is my judge, Smith, I have tried to take every burden from my wife. I've opened accounts with the neighboring grocer, butcher, baker, and hired an excellent servant. I leave a generous margin for sundries, which I look into rigidly at the first of each month, and settle with the other accounts, when we begin again with a clear, fresh record. A woman certainly ought to be happy when she has nothing to do but enjoy herself. I've even persuaded her to put all her expenses down in my little book, so that she knows where every penny of her money goes; and, as I said before, I take care of the household expenses myself. The servant comes to me every morning for orders before I go to business, so that Annie scarcely knows what she's going to have for dinner. Could a man do more for his wife, Smith?"

"Perhaps he might do less, Robinson. I'm only a miserable bachelor myself, and know nothing about women; but the question is, if you're not erring on the generous side—if you're not taking too much upon yourself."

"A man can't do too much, Smith, for the woman he adores."

Just then a customer came in, and I was glad to get away. Robinson evidently had the best intentions in the world. He loved his wife. He even esteemed his mother-in-law. I never saw a man work so hard in what he considered his line of duty, and so utterly fail to recommend it to others, as poor Robinson. But he began to be brighter and apparently happier. The anniversary of his wedding was close at hand, and he was interested in a gift to his wife.

"I was puzzled what to get," said Robinson. "You see she's got almost everything, Smith; her wedding presents embraced so many little adornments and knick knacks. At last I hit upon a black silk dress—a woman can't have too many, and I can get a bargain down in the store just now. She said she'd rather have the money and buy it outside; but I persuaded her that would be foolish. So she's coming in to choose the trimmings this afternoon, and if she comes while I'm out, you'll take care of her wont you?"

"With pleasure," I said. And it so happened that she did come while Robinson was away, and seemed to bring all the sunshine with her.

I told her that her husband had left her in my care, and begged her to use me in any way that suggested itself to her; that it would be my happiness to serve her.

I suppose there was an honest fervor about this declaration that impressed Mrs. Robinson. It had so happened that I was able to show her some little favors and attentions in return for the many that her husband had done for me. I had told her that I was under obligations to Robinson. Of course I didn't explain that it was in his desiring to help me select my hats and coats and boots, it wasn't necessary to enter into these little details, but she understood that a natural gratitude on my part led me to send her in return a few trifles, like bouquets, or new books, or music, or opera tickets, once in a while. So she knew the declaration of mine that day at the store, that I would be happy to serve her, came straight from my heart.

"You are so good and kind," she said. Then all at once an eager wistfulness leaped into her eyes. "I wish I could dare ask you to do me a favor, she said. "Do," I replied. "I won't abuse your generosity."

"Oh! I wonder if it will be all right?" she said, clasping her little gloved hands, and looking up in my face with a charming air of indecision. "I wonder if I ought to do such a thing?"

"The fact that you desire to do it is a proof that it is blameless," I replied.

"I do desire it, ever so much," she said; "and it is perfectly blameless. I've set my heart on giving my husband a present upon our marriage anniversary."

"Is that all, Mrs. Robinson?"

"All!" she replied, tapping her foot with her parasol, wish an air of vexation. She was looking on the floor now, and a warm color burned in her cheek. "It's so hard to explain to you," she said. "I don't like to borrow money of mamma, because she don't understand my husband, and makes so many unpleasant remarks, and it's quite a large sum I want for the present. I'm afraid it will cost ten dollars." Here she hesitated, and her color grew more and more vivid.

"Ten dollars isn't a very large sum," I said. I had decided that she wanted to ask me to lend her the money, but I didn't know how to go about it, and I was at a loss how to help her. I had two crisp five dollar bills in my vest pocket, but how to get them into her hand was a problem. In the meantime time was flying, and Robinson would be back.

"You understand my husband, Mr. Smith. You know how kind and good he is to me. He has told me how he confides in you. He is the dearest, best of husbands."

"Of course I do, Mrs. Robinson. We are like brothers," I said with intense friendly fervor.

"I hate to deceive him for a moment, Mr. Smith. Of course I shall tell him afterward; but I want to surprise him. I wouldn't care to give him anything if it wasn't a surprise."

"Of course you wouldn't, Mrs. Robinson. Any other way would be so humdrum and commonplace. I know how you feel about it."

"And my husband is so thoughtful; he is so anxious to relieve me of every care that he knows just where every penny of my money goes; and, oh dear, it's too bad!"

Big tears gathered in her beautiful eyes; it was too much for me.

"I understand it all, Mrs. Robinson," I blurted out. "Don't fret over such a trifle as this," and I thrust the two five dollar bills into her hand.

She was on her feet in an instant. White now to the very lips, and an awful expression in her eyes, of reproach, regret, rage, Heaven knows what and all. The five dollar bills dropped on the floor.

"Good morning sir," she said. "I have been mistaken in you. Please tell my husband I could not wait for him."

She was a little woman, but she seemed about ten feet high as she swept out of our department. Fortunately some foreign cases had effectually screened us from observation. It was some time before I could pick up the bills. I felt stunned, bewildered, and exceedingly humiliated and miserable. I had made an ass of myself in some way, and innocently outraged the feelings of this excellent little woman whom I was most desirous to serve.

When Robinson came back he thought it so strange that his wife hadn't waited for him. He wanted to know when she came, how long she stayed; whether she sat down or stood up, or said she'd come again, and if so, when. At last I was desperate, and went out into the street.

Before I knew what I was about I was up town, and ringing the bell of the brown stone house that Robinson hired. The servant he had selected came to the door and showed me into the parlor he had furnished. His wife come right down to me, and the moment she entered the parlor I saw that her good sense and kind heart had gained their own again.

"Not another word, Mr Smith, she said, when I began pouring out apologies and explanations. "I was to blame myself for it all. I wanted you to sell something of mine for me, and with the money help me to get the present at cost. There, now that's the whole of it. If I had only told you at once, instead of beating about the bush in that way! But I've given up that idea, because he'd be sure to know if parted with anything, he's so interested he'd know if a silver thimble was But I've hit upon another plan, and I'll tell you all about it, if you would like to hear."

"Of course I'd like to hear," I exclaimed. "You are an adorable little woman to forgive that stupid blunder of mine. I was so miserable to have offended you; and your husband," added, for I thought I noticed a growing rigidity in her manner from the word "adorable," "we are like brothers, you know, Mrs. Robinson—twin brothers."

"Well, I'll tell you what I've decided to do, Mr. Smith; I had to take ma into my confidence, for she's going to help me. You know I'm going to have a new black silk, and it costs a good deal of money to have it made. Mrs. Jones, my dressmaker, wouldn't do it for less than twenty dollars, and mamma and I will make it ourselves, and take the money we'd have to give Mrs. Jones for the present. That will be really my own money, because I shall earn it—my very own. Isn't it a capital idea?"

"Splendid!" I said, and shortly after I took my leave, thinking all the way down to the store what an amount of trouble Robinson innocently gave that little wife of his.

We settled upon a dressing case for Robinson before I left that day. Mrs. Robinson and I had to go together to look at the different varieties of these articles, and I didn't want her to choose anything in a hurry and then be sorry afterward; and altogether it was astonishing how absorbed I became in the purchase of that dressing case. I thought of nothing else.

The anniversary of Robinson's wedding came upon a Saturday evening, and the next morning I was walking in the park thinking it all over—how happy Robinson must have been when she surprised him with the dressing case, and what a confounded lucky fellow he was anyway. I fell into quite a sentimental mood. I suppose the scene around me had something to do with it. It was one of those delightful mornings in May, when happy ripples run through the grass, and the young shrubs burst suddenly into bloom and verdure. Birds sang gaily in the hedges, and the air was full of a vague perfume. Some white-winged butterflies flitted by. I took off my hat. Though a little bald, I enjoyed the soft radiance of the sunshine. I began to understand how at certain seasons a man might slip into rhyme or matrimony.

All at once this celestial silence was broken by an advancing figure. It was Robinson—and alone. His head was bowed, his hat jammed over his eyes; the only part of his face that was at first visible was of an ashen hue. His whole aspect was of unutterable misery and despair.

"Good heavens, Robinson!" I cried, rushing up to him and seizing his arm, "has anything happened to your wife?"

"To my wife? Yes," he said; and I sank into one of the iron benches. I thought she was dead and was relieved to hear the first sentence. Relieved, yet startled.

My wife has left me, Smith. She's gone home to her mother."

"Left you? Gone home to her mother? Why, wasn't last night your anniversary?"

"Yes; that's how it came about; that was the way I found her out, Smith. She's deceived me—shamefully and persistently deceived me, and yet, miserable wretch that I am," added Robinson, sinking into the seat beside me and covering his face with his hands, "I love her still."

"You have deceived yourself in some way," I cried, naturally indignant and incredulous. "It's some miserable mistake of your own. I know that your wife is the soul of integrity and honor."

"God bless you, Smith!" he cried, grasping my hand fervently. "Would to Heaven I could believe what you say! but the facts are too convincing. Up to yesterday I was the happiest man in the universe. I went home early, and on my way stopped at Mrs. Jones, my wife's dressmaker, to see if her black silk was done."

"What?" I shrieked.

"Her black silk, you know," said Robinson—"the one I told you about. She said at least a dozen times that it was in the dressmaker's hands. I gave her twenty dollars long ago to pay for it, and I thought I'd step in on my way home, so that there would be no disappointment. That was perfectly natural, wasn't it Smith?"

"Go on," I groaned.

"I went to the dressmaker's, rang the bell; Mrs. Jones came to the door and she said that she hadn't seen my wife for six months, that she never heard anything about a black silk dress. I was stunned, bewildered. I tried to persuade her she was wrong, and she shut the door in my face. I hurried home, naturally vexed and indignant. My wife came to meet me smiling and fond, Smith—it breaks my heart to think of it. I asked her about the black silk. Was it done? Not quite, she said. Was it at the dressmaker's? Yes. At Mrs. Jones's? And was it to cost twenty dollars? Yes; but why was I so troubled about it?"

"Because madam," I cried, "You have deceived me; I have just stopped at your dressmaker's. She hasn't seen you for six months."

"My wife turned pale, called to her mamma, and fell back into Mrs. Pages's arms in a dead faint."

"Mrs. Page then flew into a violent rage, and abused me shamefully. She used language, Smith, that it is painful to repeat. She called me a sneak, and a petty tyrant, a spy and a miser. She declared that her daughter never had a penny that I didn't know when it was coined, and how she spent it; that Annie had no more to do with her own house than a dutch doll, and the sooner she was out of it the better. She sent my servant for a cab, and before my wife had fully recovered, she took her away. I have paced the floor all night, Smith, I shall never go back to the store again. I'm a ruined man—for there's something behind all this, Smith; my servant told me last night that my wife has been in the habit lately of seeing a gentleman, of going out with him, and remaining a couple of hours; he is stout and dark, a little bald, and wears spectacles."

I burst out laughing. "That's me!" I cried. "Look at me, Robinson, I'm the man!"

Robinson gazed at me in a dazed but desperate way. I saw that he was on the point of frenzy, and hastened to tell him all about his dressing-case. Before I was half through, he had absolutely thrown his arms about me, and cried like a baby.

"My mother-in-law was right, Smith," he cried. "I have been a sneak and a spy, and perhaps a miser."

"You meant well, Robinson; but it's better to let women manage their own affairs."

"It's better to mind one's own business," said Robinson. "I've been a miserable meddler, and deserve to be punished. Before Heaven, Smith, it was with the best intentions."

"I know it Robinson."

"But I'll never do it again—never! And now let's go after my wife—you and I can explain the thing to Mrs, Page. I don't wonder she hates me, Smith. Poor little Annie! What a life she has led! I wonder she remains found of me."

"Well, I can vouch for that," I replied, honestly enough, and I persuaded him to stop at home and tidy up a bit, get shaved and have some breakfast.

"That servant must go," said Robinson, savagely.

"Let your wife hire the next one," I said. And just as I imagined, when we reached Robinson's there was the dear little woman waiting for him. He fell on his knees at her feet, and began his protestations. I thought it best to leave them alone together; but how exceedingly lonely and forlorn my bachelor chambers did look when I reached them!

Criticism.

Human nature seems to delight to sit in judgment upon its fellows. It is easy to criticise the minister, the church, the school, the world in general. Of course we cannot be intelligent human beings without having definite opinions, but these are sometimes needlessly or harshly expressed.

A prominent Christian said once to a young convert, "Do you know that people say you are always blowing your own horn?" That injudicious remark nearly sealed the lips, for forty years, of one of Boston's most godly men.

D. L. Moody was right when he said, "It don't take brains or heart to find fault." Nothing is easier than to sit in one's parlor and write letters to public journals blaming young women because they will not go out to domestic service. Would the writers go if they were poor and similarly circumstanced? When ladies themselves treat girls in the kitchen as politely as those who sell ribbons and laces, and teach their sons to be courteous likewise, the word "servant-girl" will have a different meaning from what it now has.

The world is not won by denunciation. Tell a boy that he is disagreeable, and how quickly one has lost influence over him. We must commend the good in people, and kindly pray over and reason about the bad. Most persons can be led, few driven, even children, without spoiling them. Law is essential, and obedience, but true justice is always tempered with mercy.

I know a family where the wife is continually telling the husband and children of their shortcomings; how they fail in mental development, in good manners and in success, and the peace and happiness of that home may well be imagined. It is quite as easy to say to a child, "I am glad you are not rough as some are," as to say, "Why do you always talk so loudly and be so impolite?" It is quite as easy to say to a husband, "I am glad to have you come early," as to say, "Why are you always late?" We lead people naturally up to the very things which we commend in them. We trust people and they become worthy of our trust. Harshness is the poorest policy possible, if we desire to win. So antagonize people that they dislike you, and your power has gone. The man whom you have alienated proves to be, in nine cases out of ten, the very one who would have been valuable to you in some business or social success. He could have helped you to a position rather than hindered. As we grow older we learn as we never knew in youth, that lives are like bricks in a building. They are put together by the Master-builder, each dependent upon the other.

If you wish a servant to be neat, notice and speak pleasantly of it when he or she is so. It is very easy to complain when things do not please, and quite as easy to forget to commend when they are well done. Many a child has grown calloused in heart from being constantly found fault with. Many a man, like General Garfield, has been helped to greatness because of a word of encouragement, such as he received from Dr. Robinson, who urged him to get an education. John B Gough came to eminence because of a friendly hand laid upon his shoulder. John G. Whittier owed his inspiration largely to Garrison's commendation of his first poem. Captain James B. Eads got his taste for engineering from a book furnished him by his bachelor employer, when a boy in his store.

We are creatures largely of circumstances, and liable to change in a day. Therefore, all the more need of charity in our criticism. A prominent author once ridiculed Lydia H. Sigourney, because in the blindness of her sympathetic heart, she often wrote obituary poems. By and by a petted child died in the author's home. Mrs. Sigourney sent to the crushed family some tender verses. Nothing could have been more comforting. The poet was never ridiculed afterward. A leading family of my acquaintance were opposed to women speaking in church, till their own daughter, cultured and noble, was lead into public work, and their opinions changed at once.

We shall not hold the same opinion on scores of subjects twenty years from now that we have at present. When we are tempted to say any harsh things in private or on the platform, we might wisely remember the words of the old rabbi, who was awakened by one of his twelve sons, who said, "Behold! my eleven brothers lie sleeping, and I am the only one who wakens to pray in the still watches of the night." "Son," said the wise father, "you had better sleep too than wake to censure your brothers."—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitnam has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. One night, somehow, it slipped down, and as the judge was restless, it worked its way toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was lying awake, his foot touched it; it felt very cold; he was surprised, and scared, and jumping from the bed, he said:

"By gracious, Maria, there's a toad or something under the covers; I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitnam gave a loud scream and was on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go to hollering and waken up the neighbors," said the Judge. "You get me a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing mighty quick."

Mrs. Pitnam got the broom and gave it to the Judge with the remark that she felt as if snakes were creeping up and down her legs and back.

"Oh, nonsense, Maria! Now turn down the covers slowly while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water alongside the bed so we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitnam fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as the black ribbon of the silver watch was revealed, he cracked away at it three or four times with the broom, then he pushed the thing off into the bucket. Then they took the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was he said:

"I might have known—it is just like you women to go screeching and fussing about nothing. It's utterly ruined."

"It was you that made the fuss, not me," said Mrs. Pitnam.

"You needn't try to put the blame on me," then the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

Indian Archery.

"You see," said Dr. Carver, as he deposited a whole sheath of brightly-feathered arrows on a table, took off his umbrageous felt, and drew up a chair, "I must be shooting something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester, it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are, but most too fine! Very fancy things, these arrows, for handsome young ladies to shoot on grass plots at straw targets. Now an Indian arrow is a good bit longer—maybe thirty-two inches—and when a Sioux draws it chock up to the bow it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves cut in it behind the barb—that is to say the ones they use in hunting—so that the blood can flow; otherwise the wound would swell and spoil. The fighting arrows are nasty things. The barb is so put on the shaft that when it hits you the stele (old hoop iron) stays in the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes, what ugly wounds I have seen them make! An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow when he toddles, maybe at four or five years. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at everything around the camp. When he is twelve he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at eighteen to use a man's bow. Now a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time has all he can do to bend it. It needs some strength, but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung the cord, even when in tension, almost touches the bow. It is thick, some four and a half or five feet long—that is their hunting bows—and has extra stiffness by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen We-shessa-has-ka—that is, the long man—and he was the best of the Ogalala Sioux, kill an antelope at 125 measured yards. We-shessa-has-ka was nearly seven feet tall and a good Indian. On horseback, broadside to a buffalo, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out on the other side. The bow for horseback and for war is a trifle shorter, and maybe stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch aim as I do when shooting from the hip. That can be acquired only by long practice. The string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The long man can shoot an arrow in the air out of sight, and so can I (the doctor pointed to an arrow buried in the ceiling of our office, up to the feathers). I think that in a couple of months I could get into perfect practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes after I had been shooting with my Winchester an Indian would come up showing his bow, and tell me his bow was 'muchee good,' but then I used to take his own bow and beat him at it. To pass away the time when I was at Brooklyn Driving Park, I bought an English bow and arrows of Holbertson, and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, but good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of hickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made of buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he has discharged one arrow, with the same motion he uses in pulling the string he clutches another arrow. If he shoots one hundred yards he has three or four arrows in the air all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail from many a one, and so caught him in my hands when he tumbled.

Carbolic Acid for Insects.

Allow me to call attention to an article, the merits of which everybody knows, but which may not dare use—I refer to carbolic acid. Prepared as indicated it cannot, I think, hurt the most delicate house plants, and it is sure to kill insect life.

My plan of preparing it is as follows: I obtain crude carbolic acid. I use it in this form because it is stronger and better for the purpose, and costs but very little (about 25c. per gallon.) I pour a quantity of this dark crude acid into a quantity of good strong domestic soft soap, stir well together, and allow to stand for a few hours. I then test the compound by mixing a little of it with soft water. If too much acid has been added, oily particles of carbolic acid will be observed floating on the surface. This shows that more acid has been put in than the soap will incorporate or "cut," and more soap should be added to balance the excess of acid. No more definite rule can be given, as so much depends on the strength of the soap. Two or three tablespoonfuls of the acid to a quart of soap may be first tried. I prefer to make as strong with acid as the soap will perfectly cut. A very little practice will enable any one to compound it correctly. The refined acid may be used when the crude is not at hand. When prepared as above make a moderately strong suds, and apply with syringe or sponge. In using on very delicate plants, should any fear be felt for the plants, they can be rinsed off after a few minutes. My first and eminently successful use of this compound was some years since, on a block of young cherry trees, some fifty thousand in number. The black aphis "came down like a wolf on the fold," only "they came not as single spies, but in whole battalions." It soon became an interesting question as to who was the proprietor of this block of trees—myself or the "bug Ethiopian." A disinterested observer of judicial turn of mind judging from the general appearance of things and the very "at home" air assumed by the bugs, would have said they had the best case. He would, at least, have been compelled to admit that they had "nine points of the law" (possession) in their favor. I never saw the like before. The trees were alive with aphis. The only scarce things on the trees were leaves, there being hardly enough to afford "standing room" for all the dusky guests. However, not being a convert to the doctrine of "squatter sovereignty," I declared war, and failing to decrease the number by ordinary means, I compounded soft soap and carbolic acid, and with a single application exterminated the enemy.—*T. T. S. in Gardener's Monthly.*

A fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a young lady when he can't support himself, is either a first-class fraud or a fool—unless he marries for money and becomes her "hired man."

The People's Advocate

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor, St. Cloud Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts. N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

THE NEW DEPARTURE AT HOWARD.

It is not generally known that the Industrial Department at Howard University is an accomplished fact. Mr. W. F. Mitchell, who has had great experience in educational work, has been placed at the head of this department. Facilities for instruction in carpenter work, printing and shoe making are now afforded, arrangements are being perfected for opening a tinner's shop, and after the holidays, instruction will be given in sewing and cooking.

At present there are 39 pupils receiving instruction in carpenters' work under the tutelage of Mr. James H. Hill, formerly of Richmond, Va. The work in this department is conducted on the plan now in successful operation in connection with the Boston schools. The pupils occupy places at their workbenches and the instructor at his, gives direction and illustrates how the work is to be done. Besides the wooden walk-way between the Miner building and Industrial hall, printers' stands and shoemakers' work benches have been made. It is proposed to have the clas at work next on plans of houses. In all probabilty a model house, the work of pupils, will be prepared for display at the exhibition in New York next February.

The printing office is under the charge of A. St. A. Smith, who has forty pupils learning the rudiments of the art preservative. Female as well as male students are in this class. The public will soon have an opportunity to see some of the work of this department in the *Howard Reporter* which is to be published monthly.

Instrnction in shoemaking is given by Rev. Lester, a student in the Theological department to a class of eight. Job work is done for the students of the University at half rates. This pays for materials and assists in placing this department on a self-supporting basis.

The high reputation of Mrs. Harriet and Miss Louise Jacobs as housekeepers is established far and wide. They will instruct in sewing and cooking. Their experience in this National Capital should at once bring to the aid of this department many friends from the scores of the distinguished officials from New England, and other parts of the country, who visit this city every season, and make their house their homes.

These industries are just in their infancy. What course their development will be depends largely upon the experience gained during these few months.

Those who are philanthropically inclined should not forget the industrial department of Howard University.

The article of the New York *Sun* on the colored people of Washington is not without interest as showing how much error may be ingeniously and skilfully woven, with here and there a thread of truth. As far as it relates to the social aspects of our people, it is in not a few respects sadly out of joint, though the intention is evidently fair. One of the most amusing statements in the article is to the effect that Mr. Milton M. Holland, who makes no claim to more than an ordinary common school education, is put down as the most classical scholar among the colored people of the district.

STEAMERS FOR AFRICA.

Rev. Fields Cook, a well-known Baptist clergyman, is out in the Virginia *Baptist Companion* in favor of starting a line of steamers to Africa. It is a good scheme, but we doubt much whether there are enough colored men who have means who are educated up to the idea of embarking in such a project. It is a sad commentary on our continual moaning that there is no field of labor for us, that we will not enter upon this field, ripe for the harvest.

England hoards millions of dollars annually from its West African trade. American products would not only compete with British fabrics, but to a large extent, drive them out of the West African market if an opportunity were afforded them. Whether colored men can be depended on to afford this opportunity is doubtful.

The vast surplus in our National treasury, the decline of Amerlean shipping, and the reference of President Arthur to the labors of the International Geographical Society, of which the king of Belgium is the head, should give the subject of a line of steamers between here and Africa a new interest. Yates and Porterfield, of New York city, have for years engaged in trade between Africa and this country and accumulated vast fortunes. Their business is carried on entirely in sailing vessels. As they have a monopoly of the business between the United States and Liberia, they are slow to advance to the requirements of the times by introducing steam navigation.

Notwithstanding the backwardness of colored men of the present generation to engage in mercantile pursuits, even where an aggregate capital of only $20,000 would be required, it will do no harm to have the question fully discussed. It might at least lead to a coastwise trade or traffic between the South Atlantic and Gulf ports and the West Indies.

THE BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG.

YAZOO CITY, MISS., Dec. 25.—A terrible tragedy was enacted here last night. John T. Posey, of the firm of Williams & Posey, was insulted by John James, a colored butcher. After going away and getting some friends, Posey returned with them to where James was last seen, when, without warning, the party was fired upon. John Posey, C. Posey and Jasper Nichols were riddled with buckshot and instantly killed, and H. C. Ellet was dangerously and Fitz Hallder slightly wounded. The colored men had organized, and under cover of the intense darkness of the night, had shot down these gentlemen, who refrained from shooting because the streets were full of men and boys not connected with the difficulty. To have fired would, perhaps, have been to kill many innocent persons. Only one of the colored men has been apprehended.—*Associated Press Dispatch.*

We do not hesitate to say that we read the above with a feeling akin to grim satisfaction. In view of the numerous bloody tragedies at the South where the victims are exclusively colored and the aggressors white, there is some compensation in the fact that occasionally the case is reversed.

What a pity it was that these "colored men" did not wait until these "white gentlemen," who "refrained from shooting because the streets were full of men and boys not connected with the difficulty," got the drop on them. Besides, what a pity that C. Posey, Jasper Nicholls, H. C. Ellet and Fitz Hollder, who were "not connected with the difficulty," should have followed John Posey to where James was last seen," and thus been sacrificed.

Of course James could not be expected to live after such a termination of the conflict. Death for him was inevitable, although "neither politics nor race prejudices actuated either party," as the Christmas investigation before the mayor, would seem to show; but it is better far that James, once being in the quarrel, attempted his own vindication rather than wait for the law to secure it for him.

The second number of the Richmond *Planet* is before us. It is published by R. T. Hill, of the firm of R. T. Hill & Co., and edited by Edw. A. Randolph, Esq., well known in this community. While it is doubtless true that neither the *Star* nor the *Herald* has a superabundance of support, it is also a fact that it needs a business man such as Mr. Hill has proven himself to be, to keep this new body in its orbit. The two numbers which we have seen reflect credit equally on publisher and editor. Judging from these specimens we do not hesitate to say that the *Planet* deserves success.

A LAY SERMON.

This is the season of universal rejoicing, of merry-making, and of gift-bestowing. It is symbolical of the central truth of christianity, the gift of the Christ to mankind.

No greater evidence of the christian over other religions, not only in christian lands in the midst of infidelity and atheism, but throughout the wide, wide world, is more manifest than the *fact* of this universal celebration of the Christmas holidays now drawing to a close. The ceremonies and the festivals of the hour will have been in vain, will have been a hollow mockery if our hearts are not softened, if the grand purposes of life are not brought more prominently to view and made to minister to our daily walks and actions; if we do not pause in the race for self-aggrandizement to consider the welfare and necessities of others, as well as ourselves, the poor, the outcast, the down-trodden, or the stranger that is within our gates; if we do not reverently return thanks to the Father of all for the gift of life, of health, and the measure of prosperity we all enjoy.

Trusting that our readers bear these things in mind, we express the hope that they will see the ushering in of the incoming year which we hope will be to them indeed a Happy one.

We see it publicly announced that Mr. William Murrell, of Maryland, has been, among some others, added to the National Committee of Colored Men that met here last week. This committee may be made to serve a very useful purpose, but this cannot be done if it is to be overloaded with men who can bring to it no positive strength, who can give to it no greater influence in the localities where they reside than the men already on it, and who are ciphers outside their sections. In view of this fact, what can be gained by the oppointment of William Murrell, who now hails from Maryland? We are not surprised that ex-Senator Bruce declined the honor. The Hon. Frederick Douglass would do a wise thing to follow suit.

Since writing the above, we understand that the report that these men were elected additional members of the National Committee is utterly unfounded. Who gave the dispatch to the associated press?

The pleasant face of Mr. C. C. Caldwell, of Mississippi, is again seen in our streets. He left his native state in the dark hour of outrage and political persecution, when his life was by no means safe. He returned one year ago, and has so conducted himself without compromising any principle, as to win the confidence both of whites and blacks. He says that he is now, with some other colored men, engaged in the establishment of an enterprise for the manufacture of cotton and wollen cloth. This enterprise will begin operations in the near future, when we trust it will succeed. He also speaks encouragingly of a co-operative supply store in his vicinity, owned and controlled by colored men.

We have no tears to shed over the defeat of Mr. G. C. Gorham for the secretaryship of the Senate, notwithstanding his stalwartism and his services for the liberal movement in the South. Not more than a couple of years ago, when Mr. T. J. Minton was refused accommodation at Ward's 15th Street establishment on the ground of his color. Mr. Gorham, then editor of the *National Republican*, refused to even publish a statement of the facts, on the ground that it was merely a personal matter between Mr. Minton and Mr. Ward. This is of a piece with the idea that to assert civil rights is to ask for social equality.

Manning, the only colored man in the Yale class of '81 has won the cup. He is teaching school in the South, and his boy being the first born to any member of the class, is the first black possessor of a class-cup.

This item is going the rounds, but a correspondent to the Richmond *Planet* from Knoxville, Tenn., where Mr. Manning is a teacher, says: "a mistake has been made with regard to this matter. That is to say, somebody has been a "little too previous."

The colored people of Chicago and their iriends, as we have repeatedly learned from the *Conservator*, are bent on celebrating the *twentieth* anniversary of emancipation *next week*; the people of the rest of the country celebrated the *same* anniversary *one year ago*.

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of any one suffering from Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, or any Pulmonary Affection, we would refer them to Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which will, in all cases, afford speedy relief, and in most, effect a speedy cure.

Interesting and Important Items Gleaned from our Exchanges.

A colored lady, Miss Minnie Farr, a recent graduate of the High School of St. Paul, Minn., is teaching in the Lincoln School of that city, classes composed of white and colored children. There are no colored schools in Minnesota, and scarcely any prejudice against colored people.—Ex.

William Wardlaw, colored, of Abbeville county, S. C., has named a child Guiteau, in honor of the assassin of President Garfield.

The public schools of South Carolina, the past year contained 74,157 white children and 98,938 colored, making a total of 178,095. This is an increase of 27,127 over the previous year.

Two colored boys were conversing about boxing down in a Tennessee town last week, when a white desperado interupted them and asked whether one of them wanted to fight or not. One of the colored boys replied that he was not particular, but would just as soon as not. The white man became enraged at this, and whacked away at the boy with a knife, cutting him severely in the neck. The boy defended himself and the white man ran, and was shot and killed by the boy.—Cleveland *Gazette*.

The Rev. John R. Slattery, pastor of St. Francis church (R. C.), Baltimore, Md., is doing very good service by contributing to *The Vindicator* a biographical sketch of Benjamin Banneker the Negro Astronomer. It should be published in cheap tract form for wide circulation.

A correspondent of the Detroit *Plain-Dealer* reviewing, the condition of the colored people of Texas, says 20 per cent of the colored males own land and farm with skill and energy, 40 per cent. are farm laborers and tenant farmers; 30 per cent. are day laborers in town and country and about 10 per cent. are engaged in various other occupations. There are 1507 colored schools and 44,629 pupils in the State, 1379 teachers to whom an aggregate of $140,000 per annum is paid in salaries.

Among the contributors to the *Weekly Medical Review* we find the name of our James E. Henderson, M. D. The *Review* is one of the leading journals in the medical profession and among its contributors are the leading physicians of the country. Dr. Henderson is the only colored contributor and is the only one of our physicians who belongs to the Chicago Medical Society.—*C. Gazette*.

The Catholics of the Cincinnati diocese have raised over $2,000 for the support of mission schools among the colored people. The Pope at Rome made the order for the collection in pursuance of a well defined plan of proselyting the colored race.—*Conserveter*.

One of the scribes jocuarly asked him if he had seen the paper notice stating that the people of Kingston, after seeing Miss Mattie L. Lawrence the talented soprano, of the company, said they were of the opinion that she was more handsome than Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Loudin here smiling said he would like very much to obtain a copy of this paper to show it to the members of the company. This particular paper was unfortunately not among the exchanges.—*Plain Dealer*.

In 1874 John H. Hickman, a young colored man, applied for employment at Auerbbach, Finch, Culbertons & Co.'s store in St. Paul, Minn., and was engaged to attend the door. He gradually rose to the position of assistant book keeper and after five years' service, when a vacancy occurred in the management of the entry-room, Mr. Hickman was promoted to take charge of the twenty-five men in that department, a position he has held until the present time.—*Globe*.

One of the most attractive among the many interesting organizations of the colored people of Washington is the famous Bethel Literary. It is said there is nothing of the kind, which even approximates it to be found anywhere in the United States. In its average ability and intellectual make-up it excels the legislative body in many of the States and has not been inaptly called the Black Congress of Washington. The presiding officer, Mr. R. J. Smith, is manifestly a gentleman of culture and refinement, and fills his position with becoming dignity. The unprecedented success of the society is largely owing to the broad and liberal spirit manifested in its general management by which free speech on all subjects is allowed. In this arena infidel and Christian champions enter the list to shiver intellectual lances. After the essay is read or perhaps a lecture, the audience usually engages in a discussion on the subject matter presented in short speeches of ten minutes each. The poor essayist, or lecturer, as the case may be, is allowed no immunity from criticism which is sometimes pungent, and often merciless.—*A. J. Anderson on the Afro-American.*

The following advice should be heeded by everybody: Ice water, or even large large quantities of cold well water, should not be freely drank when the body is overheated. It is better to drink moderately of cool water frequently than to wait till one is excessively thirsty, and then drink very cold water. The best way to keep water cool in a jug in the open air is to wrap several thicknesses of carpeting or woolen cloth about the vessel, and keep it constantly moist. If there is a free circulation of air about it, the rapid evaporation will keep the water cool enough.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY LE DUKE

Of all the days of the year, New Year's Day seems to be the most important. In the first place it is the first day of a new year and as such is looked upon as a starting point for a new deal. The recollections of the past year may be gratifying to some extent; we may have lived sober, industrious lives marred only by a few indiscretions but from this day we propose the pursue a course which will steer clear of indiscretions. Or, we may have lived during the past year, as though that briel period was the space within which all our faults were to be developed.

We may have squandered time and money, profaned the sanctity of home, sacrificed love at the shrine of passion, and made up a year's life of inebriety and dishonor. Our children may have been made to suffer from our neglect and our wives from our want of love and respect. In any case we look forward to New Year's day, as Resolution day, when we can begin life *de novo*, as it were. We will foreswear the further use of intoxicants, renounce our vices, cultivate habits of thrift, foster love by honorable pride and indeed take the iron-clad that we will live wiser and better lives. This we will do in all earnest without reservation or fear. But up to this point we have only *concluded* to do certain things, which conclusion is no quarantee as to their accomplishment.

To be true to our promises, we must put into immediate use all the will power at our command. This will be manifest even on New Year's day. For instance, in making our calls we will be offered wines or liquors. We will protest that weare strictly temperate and have foresworn the punch bowl and wine glass (the punch and wine included) but you will be told that 'this is New Year's Day" and that, "we must be merry," that "a little wine is essential to conviviality and even to health; that it is a mere "tender of hospitallty which, considering old associations and friendly lies can not well be ignored." All this and more will be said to tempt us from our resolutions. And how many will there be who, with the setting of the first day's sun will acknowledge that they have been unmanned at the first attack! It is this *social drink* which does all the harm. There would be fewer drunkards, more happy homes and more out-and-out men if there were less social drinking.

The ladies who will "receive" on New Year's Day might profit if they would do away with the foolish custom of passing around the wine as a social feature. They would find that they would "receive" more respect if the gentlemen did not "receive" so much liquor and, with reference to the future, they would likely be able to find more sober men to choose from when their turn came around to marry. By all means have no wines at your receptions.

The habit found its root in false and foolish notions of social propriety. It becomes a bar-room better than the home, where virtue and modesty should be cultivated.

RECEIVED.

Report of the comptroller of the currency, J. J. Knox. A most valuable part of this report is a synopsis of decisions of the supreme and circuit courts of the United States and State courts of last resort, upon questions arising under the National bank act, and upon cognate points of interest to banks and parties having dealings with them.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury with the tables accompanying the report.

Annual report of the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the foreign commerce of the United States.

The Independent Almanac, for 1884 which is most elegantly printed on tinted paper.

Besides the calendar and the usual astronomical calculations, there are republished some of the choicest prose and poetical contributions to the Independent the last year, and valuable statistical tables and compilations of information. Then there are illustrations from plates in the possession of the leading publishers of the country.

The publishers of the Independent will send a copy of this almanac to any one, whether a subscriber or not, who sends address and a two-cent stamp for return postage. Address:

THE INDEPENDENT,
P. O. Box 2787,
New York City.

Household Discoveries.

Because a girl dresses showily, it is not necessary to suppose that she is extravagant. Because she is extravagant, it does not follow that she is heartless. Extravagance may be the result of unwise training, ignorance of the value of money, social inexperience, unlimited income. Show and gayety may exist with heroic traits. Even that which is called coquetry and flirting is often but the development of mental brilliancy, social tact and the amiable desire to please. She who wins all hearts is often capable of an intense and life-long devotion. I have in my mind a young girl, exceedingly fair, accomplished, graceful, witty, at once admired and beloved—but a little willful withal, yet always gentle and gracious. If high hats ruled, hers soared aloft, itself unrivaled. Paniers rose, and she wore Ossa on Pelion piled. Women scolded, and the more venerable, even of her male admirers, suggested that she would be ridiculed on the street. She received all remonstrances with unvarying sweetness, and immediately put a French roof on the hat and added a new puff on the panier. I do not mention this admiringly. I wish the little minx had had more sense or better taste. But I cannot deny that presently, when trouble came, when her whole fortune was swept away, she went to the front as suave and smiling as if it were but putting another feather in her cap. She never adjusted a silken fold more deftly or more calmly than she set about self-support, and nothing in her days of ease and wealth became her like the dignity, the determination, the self-respect and the simple grace of her poverty.

MUSTARD AS A REMEDY.—A lady suffered long and excruciatingly from an attack of bilous colic before she would have a physician called. When at last one came, his simple prescription was mustard, by which the pain was shortly subdued. "Always remembering," was the parting injunction of the doctor, who rather commended his patient's spirit in being her own physician in every day ailments, "that for pain anywhere mustard is a safe and sure remedy, as sure as any, besides being something that every family has on hand, so that no time need be lost." The following is recommended as a mustard plaster that will not blister. Take the white of one egg, stir in mustard until thick enough to spread nicely; then take a thin cloth as long again as you wish the plaster, spread the mustard half the length, not too near the edges, double the dry end of the cloth back over the mustard and apply warm.

LOVE OF HOME.—The affections which bind a man to the place of his birth are essential in his nature, and follow the same law as that which governs every innate feeling. They are implanted in his bosom along with life, and are modified by every circumstance which he encounters from the beginning to the end of his existence. The sentiment which in the breast of any one man is an instinctive fondness for the spot where he drew his early breath, becomes, by the progress of mankind and the formation of society, a more enlarged feeling, and expands into the noble passion of patriotism. The love of country, the love of the village where we were born, of the field which we first pressed with our tender footsteps, of the hillock which we first climbed, are the same affection, only the latter belongs to each of us separately; the first can be known but by men united in masses. It is founded upon every advantage which a nation is supposed to possess, and is increased by every improvement which it is supposed to receive.

DANGERS OF DUST.—Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, believes that the dust of our cities is a serious source of disease. "When we reflect," he says, "that this dried and pulverized dirt and filth of our streets, is derived from all kinds of refuse matter, its dangerous qualities may be suspected, if they are not clearly obvious. Conveyed by the winds, it is diffused everywhere, and settles upon or adheres to everything. We inhale it, drink it and eat it with our food. A speck of mud on our bread excites disgust; but who minds the same thing when it is nothing but a little dust? If our food just brought from the market or provision store is examined with the microscope, it is found to teem with particles of dust, consisting of sand, bits of hay, straw, filaments of cotton from old paper and rags, wood fibers, hair and scurf scales of man and beast, starch grains, spores, etc. Recent investigations render it probable that dust contains the germs of decomposition, gangrene, and contagious diseases."

AT HOME WITH THEM.—"I always feel at home with Miss H——," says her friend, "because she is so frank and simple in her manner—so interested in what you say to her." Who has not met with individuals of this kind—whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence toward them in whatever they undertake? They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their nature overflows with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fullness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

Sweet Corn.

Corn is good boiled in the old-fashioned way, but far more delicious to shave the kernels from the cob with a sharp knife. Put three pints of the corn into a preserving kettle, with a quart of water, and let it boil fifteen minutes, taking care to stir frequently; then add a piece of butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of salt and a pint of milk, stir well and bring to a boil; then dish up in saucers for the table. It is just delicious. Another nice dish for sweet corn is to grate off the kernels from the cob, six good sized ears are enough; make a custard, three pints of milk, two well beaten eggs; three large spoonfuls of sugar, and a small lump of butter; stir the grated corn into a dish, and stir often while cooking. It makes a delicate pudding. It takes an hour and a half to bake, and is a pleasant variety for a dinner dish.

Keep out of debt. Once involved, you may never get out.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
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LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Don't fail to attend the fair.

—Buy holiday gifts at Douglass', under St. Cloud Building.

—Christmas confections at Davis' 714 K Street, n. w.

—Mr. Lewis A. Freeman has returned to the city for the congressional season.

—Mr. Vodery, of Baltimore, paid a flying visit Wednesday to his friend, Rev. W. H. Scott.

—R. L. Mitchell, of the Virginia Normal and Collegiate Institute, was in town this week, spending the holidays with his family.

—Civil Rights speeches of Douglass and Ingersoll still on hand.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Rev. Owens Dawson spent the holidays in our city; he has been teaching at Fairport, Northumberland county, Virginia.

—G. W. Milford, A. B., spent the holidays in town. He is a teacher at Easton, Maryland. It is a pity that a gentleman with such abilities cannot find employment in *our schools*.

—A literary and musical festival by the Sunday school was held at Asbury last Wednesday evening. The recitations were characterized by distinct articulation, clear enunciation and audible voices. The solos duets and quartettes were above the average of such entertainments. The superintendent, Mr. Chestnut, had the general management. Miss Essie Wood presided at the piano; Mr. Spencer Green was musical conductor and Mr. Hamilton was cornetist.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Next Wednesday night promises one of the greatest literary treats of the season. Prof. Gardener, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who read a paper on "The Race Problem in the United States," before the Social Science Association at Saratoga last summer, will reproduce the same paper before the Bethel Literary at Lincoln Mission next Wednesday night. Everybody is invited. The paper will be unusually interesting and you will miss a treat if you do not attend.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Despite the very inclement weather a fair audience gathered at Bethel Hall last Sunday night to hear the beautiful cantata Immanuel. The hall was appropriately decorated, a star of evergreens with gilded decorations was over the centre of the stage. Two bannerets, one bearing the words "The Redeemer will come," the other, "The Redeemer is come," occupied places at the rear of the stage. Fifty voices under the direction of Jos. S. Amos, the chorister, with an orchestral accompaniment, then rendered this musical gem in a manner quite complimentary to the musical reputation of the school. The solo and duet parts were well given and the choruses were effectively sung. It is thought that the cantata will be repeated.

New Year Reception.

Up to going to press notice has been received only of the following. A complete list will be found in the daily papers on Tuesday:

Mrs. J. H. McGrundy and Mrs. R. H. Harris, assisted by Miss Mattie Beckett and Mrs. J. T. Thornton, from 3:00 to 12:00 o'clock at 1212, 16th street, n. w.

Mrs. R. R. Colbert, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Charles R. Douglass, Miss M. F. Kiger and Mrs. R. N. Boyd, from 2:30 to 6:00, P. M. at 1629, O street

Mrs. James H. N. Waring, assisted by her friends, Misses Alida L. Mathews, Mattie E. Bruce and Hattie E. Bruce, will receive at 1012 R street, n. w.

SHILOH CHURCH.

While riding up 15th Street in a Herdic the other day, looking up L Street, I spied the towers of a new building which was assuming form and lovely proportions. Could this be Shiloh church? I will go and see at the first opportunity. So last Sunday I went around to see. Imagine my surprise to find crowds of children, evidently Sunday school pupils, emerging from the building. I walked in and found that the congregation was already using the lecture room.

This church is 50x90 feet, the walls are eighteen inches thick, "to turret from foundation stone." All the flooring and nearly all the brick work have been done, and mainly—almost exclusively, by colored mechanics. At present the galvanized work is being done. The work was performed under the immediate supervision of the following building committee, who bought all the material and placed the work out to the lowest bidders: Rev. William J. Walker, the pastor and chairman, B. Horton, Edward Dickerson, James H. Payne, Samuel G. Hunter, L. W. Marshall and R. W. Mann. The expenditure thus far has been almost $15,000. Considering the fact that with this amount so much progress has been made in the erection of such a building, it must be apparent that a wise economy has been displayed in the management. It is their intention not to push the work rapidly to completion, but only so far as circumstances warrant. The membership, which, according to the enrolment, is 850, comprises some of our most thrifty fellow-citizens. The progress of this church in the eighteen years of its existence has been almost unexampled, which is largely attributable to the tact, sagacity and executive ability of its one pastor, Rev. Wm. J. Walker.

A SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McGrundy celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage last Wednesday night at their residence, 1212, 16th street. The rooms were tastefully decorated and the bride and groom were as lovely and entertaining as possible. Rev. W. T. Peel performed the services, after which the guests, headed by Mr. A. Herbert and the bride took up the line of march for the dining rooms where delicacies of the season in the greatest abundance were in waiting.

Many elegant presents from friends testify the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. McGrundy were held. Among those present we noted Mr. A. Herbert and lady; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Beckett; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brooks, daughter and son; Mr. and Mrs. Cole; Mr. and Mrs. Smallwood; Dr. Cook; Mrs. Lucy Thornton; Mr. and Mrs. A. Simmons; Mr. Gooden; Mrs. French; Mr. and Mrs. Whitlow and a representative of the ADVOCATE.

CHRISTMAS CHRONICLES.

St. Luke's P. E. church, Dr. Crummell, rector, gave a Christmas dinner Tuesday afternoon to many poor children and adults of this city. They were not confined to the members of his Sunday or Industrial schools, but the byways' lanes and alleys, were visited and the needy were cordially invited to come in. Largely through the beneficence of a white lawyer of this city, whose name we are not permitted to know, this deed of charity was made possible.

Nearly a hundred and fifty were gathered around the tables, on which were spread, by the willing hands of a committee of ladies and gentlemen, the turkey, ham and usual accessoires. These unfortunate ones will not soon forget Dr. Crummell and those associated with him who were the kind instrumentalities of snch a Christmas to them. It would not be a surprise if Sunday School, Industrial School, the church itself largely receive accessions from this neglected class of our population.

West Washington Notes.

Our town is alive this week by the return of a number of our school teachers with their beaux. Misses Ella Nash and Katie Davenport are spending their Christmas vacation with their parents. Miss McMicken, of Wheeling, West Virginia, is stopping with Miss Davenport.

Misses Anna Mc and Mary Brown two of the fair belles of Cumberland also teachers, are stopping with Miss Alice S. V. Jones, of West P St.

Mr. A. L. Allen is stopping with Mr. L. L. Butler, of West P St.

Miss Lizzie Dennis, daughter of Rev. E. Dennis, also a teacher, is spending her holidays home with her parents.

We are sorry to inform the public that the Rev. Mrs. Dennis is lying again very low.

SURPRISE PARTIES TO PASTORS:

The congregation of Mt. Zion M. E. church surprised their pastor on last Monday night with desirable and acceptable presents. Also the congregation of the first Baptist church surprised their pastor on Monday night last by giving a fine supply of Christmas presents. Also the members of Ebenezer A. M. E. surprised their pastor on the same night with desirable and acceptable presents.

Mr. Isaac Davenport, janitor of the public school building, was presented, on Christmas day, with a fine dinner by the teachers of that school in token of their appreciation of his faithful services toward them.

On account of the inclemency of the weather all the churches slimly attended on Sunday and there was nothing of special interest transacted except the new choir of Mt. Zion M. E. church taking charge of the musical portion.

There were services at all the churches on Christmas morning to celebrate the birth of Christ. Rev. W. H. Brown, of Ebenezer preached a special sermon in opposition to the 25th being the proper day to celebrate and made an able effort in endeavoring to do so.

The Camper—Lomack Wedding.

The Camper—Lomack marriage ceremony which took place Wednesday of last week was too late to be detailed for our last issue. Below we give a sketch of it:

The wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents', 1159, 17th street, in the presence of seventy-five intimate friends. The bride was attired in a white Albatross cloth dress with trimming of lace and passementerie jewels of white pearl. Rev. George T. Pinkney, pastor of Ebenezer M. E. church, east Washington, officiated. After receiving congratulations of their many friends and partaking of the reception, the bride party retired at 10.40 P. M., in company with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mason, to their new place of abode, 1613, Madison street, n. w. The presents were elaborate and useful. Many of them were from friends abroad. Below is a list of the presents:

Silver mounted castors, Mr. Chas. Lomack, New York; silver butter dish, Mr. Wm. Lucas; family Bible, Miss A. E. Burnside; silver napkin rings, Mr. S. Scott; tea spoons, Mr. J. C. Bishop, Annapolis, Maryland; silver mounted pickle stand, Mr. Wm. Brown; silver tea spoons, Mrs. M. Camper, bride's mother; cut-glass goblets and dishes, Mrs. Col. Burnside; box of ladies' hose, Mrs. John Taylor; tea set, Mrs. Leiut. Selfridge; antique pitcher, Mrs. M. Brown; parlor lamp, Mrs. Gordan; card receiver, Mrs. Palmer; lace spread and pillow shams, Miss L. Butler; mantle ornaments, Mrs. John Lacy; table cloth, Mr. J. B. Carroll; table cover and doylies, Mrs. Brisco; wearing apparel, Mrs. B. D. Williams; fruit stand, Miss Nettie Simms; bronze mantle ornament, Mr. John Parrett; tea set, Mrs. T. Marshall; antique pitcher, Mr. Wm. Brown; towels, Mr. John Bishop, Annapolis; napkin and pickle dishes, Mrs. Boyd; box of ladies' hose, Mrs. W. J. Countee, Annapolis; wearing apparel, Mrs. M. E. Howard, Annapolis; napkins, Miss Key; parlor lamp, Miss Jinkens; cut glass celery glass, Mr. S. D. Camper, father of the bride; towels and table cloth, Miss Mamie Camper, sister of the bride; trunk, Mr. J. H. Camper, brother of the bride; napkins, Mrs. A. W. Dangerfield; towels, Mrs. J. Dade; napkins, Miss Dade; tea set, Miss Cullen; goblets, Mrs. Chas. Davis; cream pitcher, Mrs. G. Wells; table cloth, Miss E. Richardson; dishes, Miss Lillie Mason; mantle ornaments, Miss Sadie Daper; and many others which space will not permit.

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A single or communicating rooms with or without board by a young gentleman. Central location preferred. References exchanged. Address stating street, number and particulars,

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ELDERBERRY WINE.—Take one quart of pure elderberry juice, two quarts water, three pounds sugar (the best sugar for this purpose is what we call molasses sugar, viz.: Sugar that settles from molasses into the bottom of hogsheads;) mix all together and let it ferment until it works itself clear; strain and bottle; leave the bottles uncorked until it is done working, then cork and put away in a cellar, and in a few months you will have good wine, but age will improve it.

A fellow who deliberately proposes matrimony to a young lady when he can't support himself, is either a first-class fraud or a fool—unless he marries for money and becomes her "hired man."

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—The harmony of married life depends almost entirely upon dinners. It is not the state of the heart so much as the condition of the stomach which makes a man happy. It is better for a woman—rank heresy, we know—to be able to make a cheerful home than to talk Greek. Before marriage, the ability to sing divinely and to play impossible music are very attractive; but when two people settle down to the steady work of loving each other for forty or fifty years, the kitchen inevitably emphaizes itself, and the chances of success are greater with a comely house-wife than with an accomplished beauty, who knows everything except how to make the house attractive.

It was to make him the "right kind of a boy" that a father in Newark, O., subjected his son to a discipline that borders dangerously near diabolism. "The stick I put on his tongue," he said on the trial of the case, "was a flat hickory stick an inch wide, and one-fourth of an inch thick. I split it back over half way, put an ordinary carpet tack in the top part of the stick, had him put his tongue in, and pressed down with my thumb and finger, and he pulled his tongue out. I put it on several times. I punished him in this way to make an impression on his mind."

Even Palestine feels the impulse of modern progress. A new city is going up on the west side of Jerusalem, outside of the gates. Along the turnpike to Jaffa runs the telegraph wire, and on the plain of Sharon stands the large "Jewish Agricultural College," surrounded by a model farm and thrifty nurseries. Bethlehem is a thriving town—largely it is nominally Christian—and it carries on extensive manufactures in mother-of-pearl.

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New Designs in Comb and Brush Sets, Whisk-Holders, Jewel Cases, Toilet Sets, Fans and Fan Cases, Fine French Bags, Handkerchief Boxes, Bronzes, Card Cases, Fine Pocketbooks, Cigar and Cigaret Cases, Necessaries, Jewelry, Fancy Baskets &c., &.

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When to Sleep.

HEALTHY AND UNHEALTHY SLUMBER.

The happy faculty of sleeping and waking at short notice may be utilized for the purpose of taking little naps whenever opportunity offers—in the last half of the noonhour, of the noontide recess, or during the buncombe interludes of a protracted session. The inhabitants of all intropical countries make the time of repose a notable festival, and during the dog days of our torpid summers it would clearly be the best plan to imitate their example. "Children must not sleep in the day-time," says a by-law of our time-dishonored koran of domestic superstitions, and, not satisfied with keeping our little ones at school during the drowsy afternoons of the summer solstice, we increase their misery by stuffing them at the very noon of the hottest hours with a mass of greasy (i. e., heat-producing and soporific) food. An hour after the end of the long, sultry day comes the cool night wind, heaven's own blessing for all who hunger and thirst after fresh air; but no, "night air is injurious;" besides Mrs. Grundy objects to promenades after dark, so that the children are driven to their suffocating, unventilated bedrooms, not to sleep, but to swelter till toward midnight, when drowsiness subsides into a sort of lethargy, which yields only to broad daylight, three or four hours after sunrise. "So much the better," says the fashionable mother, who has passed the night at an ice-cream *ridotto*, "the morning air isn't healthy either; most dangerous to leave the house before the dew is off the grass." Only the curse of pessimism, our woeful distrust of our natural instincts, can explain such absurdities. The parched palate's petition for a cooling liquid is no plainer than the brain's craving for rest and slumber when a high temperature adds its somniferous tendency to the drowsy influence of a full meal. On warm summer days all nature indulges in a noontide nap; I have walked through tropical forests that were as silent under the rays of a vertical sun as a Norwegian pine grove in the dead of a polar night; nor would it be easy to name a single animal that does not appear sleepy after meals. At noon leaf-trees throw their densest shade; even butterflies seek the pentralia of the foliage, and lizards cling lazily to the dark side of the lower branches; every school teacher knows that the childreu feel the drowsy spell of the afternoon sun; why should they alone be hurt by yielding to its prompting? Either postpone the principal meal to the end of the day, or increase the noontide recess to at least three hours, so as to leave time for a digestive siesta.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Extravagance.

In our opinion, girls are just as willing to give up their extravagance in dress as young men are—that is, when it is necessary so to do. To the fact that men are so unwilling to relinquish their pet vices and luxuries is to be ascribed much of the falling off of matrimony. Marriage without adequate means of support is a blunder that is almost a crime; but no girl made of ordinary stuff will hesitate to share the trials and sacrifices of the man she loves, provided he has that competence, however modest. The thousands of happy, smiling homes, where true love constantly abides, in spite of the slenderness of the family income, sufficiently attest the readiness of average woman to surrender the baubles of wealth and fashiou in order to become a devoted wife and mother. If the opposite sex were uniformly animated by a similar spirit, we venture to assert that the number of maids and bachelors would rapidly diminish. The truth is, there is too much love of dress and pretentious display in both sexes, and women should not bear the blame alone.

If the mistress of the household is inclined to be extravagant in her expenditures, her servants, who are quick imitators, will soon follow her example, and make sad waste of the materials put into their hands. The improvident class, from which our help mostly come, soon learn the lessons taught by such example, and become careless of the property of the employer, even when they have no thought of appropriating anything to their own use. But such lessons, it should be remembered, make our employes, of both sexes, totally unfit to manage a home of their own, or save enough, when family cares come upon them to keep them from the poor house. How many of us have seen what wretched, incompetent creatures those girls become after marriage who have lived in wealthy families, with a great abundance to work with and no cautions from their employer to use it discreetly and with a true economy. They are incapable of making the most of their small possessions. If they had been taught economy, and how best to manage their own earnings, they could help their husbands to build up little comfortable homes for themselves and rear and educate their children with such care that they might become among our most influential citizens. But unless those wealthy ladies with whom they took their first lessons were those who feel the true responsibility of their positions and the guidance they owe to their servants, when the untutored damsels marry they drift as helpless as a rudderless ship in a storm, and year by year sink down into deeper poverty and wretchedness, ending perhaps, in a pauper's grave—ruined for life by the extravagant habits learned before marriage.

Rot in Grapes---Its Cause.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, says: "I have used sulphur more than twenty years, and with benefit, to prevent rot. Rot is not caused by a fungus, as some suppose, but is caused by some insect puncturing the grapes, whether to deposit their eggs or not I don't know, but presume it is for that purpose; yet I never succeed in finding any eggs or worms in a rotted grape. Well, says one, how do you know they have been stung by an insect? Because I have seen the puncture and a jet of juice which had oozed out. Whenever you find a grape that is stung, tie a string to it (for a mark so as to find it,) and watch the result. After a longer or shorter period it will turn whitish around the place where stung, and finally black, and continues to spread until the whole grape is rotted. If at any time, with a sharp knife, you cut out the black spot, the remainder of the grape will grow and ripen, proving there is no defect in the vine. Upon this discovery was based the sulphur remedy for the rot, being distasteful to all the insect tribe. Fumigations with sulphur in the evening is better than the dust, as I think, the depredators work at night. I have no certain knowledge of the enemy, but always find a few large yellow bugs on the vines when the grapes are rotting—they are very shy fellows. Whether friend or foe I know not, but kill them when I find them."

The Growth of the Gun.

Hunting for game was practiced with bow and arrow only, until in the sixteenth century the Spaniards contrived the arquebus or matchlock. Here the match was fitted to a "serpentine" or cock, hung upon a pivot, and brought into contact with the priming by a working substantially the same as that of the modern hammer and trigger. This was further improved by the German invention of a steel wheel with serrated edge, fitted to a spring, and made to revolve rapidly, the edge coming in contact with a piece of pyrites, and, by this friction, producing the sparks to ignite the priming. The use of the wheel-lock for sporting purposes was very general in the middle of the sixteenth century, and for a long time it was not improved upon.

But necessity is the mother of invention. A band of Dutch chicken-stealers or Spanish marauders—it is disputed which—being too poor to provide themselves with the high priced wheel-lock, and afraid to use the matchlock because its light revealed their whereabouts to the minions of the law, abstained from their evil practices long enough to devise a weapon better adapted to the needs of roost-robbers. The result was the flintlock, and the pot-hunting fraternity scored a long credit-mark.

The flintlock reached its perfection in the hands of "that king of gunmakers," Joseph Manton, in the early part of the present century, and it gave way only to a worthy superior in the modern gun exploded by percussion.

The discovery of fulminating powders and their application to gunnery mark a most important epoch in the manufacture and employment of firearms. The charge in the gun was at first placed above the fulminating powder, which was ignited by the concussion of an iron plunger struck by a cock. Then this plunger was dispensed with, and the ultimate was simply placed in the flash-pan. The successive steps are familiar to almost all gunners; the priming was placed between two bits of paper, and called percussion pellets; the fulminate was affixed to the breech by the newly-invented cartridge, and fired by a penetrating needle; then came the copper cap, and then the culminating improvement of the cartridge containing both the charge and the priming, and ignited at first by the pin, and afterward rim fire and central fire principle.—*Forest and Stream.*

Pleasant Homes.

A little time and labor will make the grounds about the house look tidy, neat and inviting. There is no use in having the yards all covered with sticks, chips and last year's burdock stocks, to stick their hateful burs into clothes and stockings. Use the garden rake and a wheelbarrow. If there are dry leaves drifting around, so much the better, they will make a good absorbent for the manure shed or piggery. No matter if the house is old, or brown, or moss grown with age, if it is cleaned up neatly, it will look as if it were comfortable and give a favorable impression of the inhabitants, and a few flower roots set out and trimmed up nicely, will make the homeliest place took pleasant. A few vines, running up the sides of the house so as to shade the windows and doors are as much of an ornament to an old house, as they are to a fine mansion. A pretty porch can be made over the door, by setting long poles each side of the steps and passing strings over the top backward. If you cannot get hop vines, plant beans, morning glories, or sweet peas; and train them to run up, and you will have something that will give pleasure all along summer days. Boys will enjoy helping if you only show them how to do it, and it will be a lifelong pleasure to them to know how to make things look pretty.

Do not think it will take too much time. Children can be taught early in life to make themselves useful, and there is no child but that likes to see a pleasant home, and if they know how to do it, will take hold and help make it pleasant.

We all of us form an idea of a person's character when we pass his dwelling. If we see the yards all in a litter, and pigs, calves and chickens hopping over logs and chips, we are immediately impressed with the belief that shiftless people live there. A row of sunflowers, or a clump of hollyhocks are an improvement to any place, and look far better than rank pig weeds, or mayweed, growing everywhere. There is no excuse for the surroundings of a farm house to be filthy and cluttered up with everything; only just sheer laziness, and ain't-careativeness. I guess that is a new word, but is as expressive a one as I know.

Buttermilk.

For a summer beverage, there can be nothing more healthy and strengthening than buttermilk. It is excellent for weak and delicate stomachs, and far better as a dinner drink than coffee, tea or water, and unlike them, does not retard but father aids digestion.

A celebrated physician once said that if every one knew the value of buttermilk as a drink, it would be more freely partaken of by persons who drink so excessively of other beverages; and further compared its effects upon the system to the cleaning out of a cook stove that has been clogged up with ashes that have sifted through, filling up every crevice and crack, saying that the human system is like a stove, and collects and gathers refuse matter that can in no way be exterminated from the system so effectually as by drinking buttermilk. It is also a specific remedy for indigestion, soothes and quiets the nerves, and is very somnolent to those who are troubled with sleeplessness.

There is something strange in the fact that persons who are fond of buttermilk never tire of singing its praises, while those who are not fond of it never weary of wondering how some people can drink it. So far as possible, people should overcome their aversion to it, and learn to drink it for health's sake. One gentleman of our acquaintance is so exceedingly fond of it that we knew him one time to drink about three glasses and then set his glass down with a thud, exclaiming earnestly as he smacked his lips, "That's food and raiment both." While another buttermilk enthusiast made the statement once that where the liver has become lifeless from torpidity and inaction, and is too dead to perform its functions, buttermilk will cause a new one to grow in. Whatever exaggerated statements may have been made concerning buttermilk, its medical properties cannot be overrated, and it should be more freely used by all who can get it.

A lecturer recently invited the street gamins of Cleveland to come and hear the story of the Prodigal Son. In that part of the story where the father exclaims: "This, my son, was dead and is alive again," the speaker asked: "Was his son really dead?" One of the urchins repled: "Not by a darned sight. He was only dead broke."

The Bird That Has No Nest.

The cuckoo and her mate have no home of their own; but that does not seem to trouble them, They peep here and there among the leaves, until they find the nest of some other bird—a lark, perhaps, or a thrush, or a yellow hammer; and, if the owner of the nest is away, Mrs. Cuckoo leaves within it a small egg.

There are some birds that can take care of themselves almost as soon as they are born; but Mrs. Cuckoo never leaves her eggs in their nests. Oh, no! she chooses a nest in which the young birds are well cared for by their mothers, and fed with food on which the young cuckoos thrive best.

Why she is too idle to build her own nest, no one knows. Some people say it is because she stays so short a time in the same country that her young ones would not get strong enough to fly away with her, if she waited to build her nest. Others think it is because she is such a great eater that she cannot spend time to find food for her children.

But the kind foster-mothers, the larks and the thrushes, care for the egg that the cuckoo leaves in their houses, although, if any other bird leaves one, they will take no care of it at all, but root it out upon the ground.

The Scotch word for cuckoo, *gowk*, means also, a foolish person. But I think they ought rather to have named it a wicked person; for the young cuckoo is so ungrateful and selfish that he often gets one of the other little birds on his back, and then, climbing to the top of the nest, throws it over the edge. These are the English cuckoos of which I have been telling you. I am glad to say that their American cousins take care of their own children.

Spavin.

A fully developed spavin had better be left alone, as in such a case nothing can be gained by treatment. When the ailment is discovered early, or treatment is begun before any material disorganization has taken place, success may attend the treatment and a stop put to its progress. There is no positive cure for spavin; that is, the horse can never be made sound again. All that may be accomplished by any method of treatment consists in a cessation of lameness; but to all intents and purposes the horse remains spavined; for the unity of the small bones, resulting from the disease, can never again be dissolved. Various remedies are employed for the purpose of alleviating the condition, among which is the application of blisters, setons and the hot iron. The insertion of one or two setons along the inner side of the diseased hock joint is sometimes followed by better results than either blistering or firing. But great care is necessary in the application of setons at that place, lest the joint should accidentally be punctured by the seton needle. If setons are used they may remain inserted during a month. Sometimes a repetition of blisters may be sufficient, such as ointment of Spanish fly, one part of the powdered Spanish fly mixed with four parts of hog's lard, and to which is added a little oil of turpentine; or an ointment made of one part of biniodide of mercury with twelve parts of hog's lard. If firing is resorted to, blisters may be applied simultaneously—that is, immediately thereafter—and should then be applied to a large surface. When a blister is applied the horse's tail should be tied up during the blistering. Generally the bony enlargement of spavin will remain after any method of treatment, as well as more or less stiffness of the hock joint, in consequence of the permanent unity of two or more of the bones of which the joint is composed.

Laugh More.

Mothers do not laugh enough. The housekeeping is so onerous, the children so often trying to nerves and temper, the servants most exasperating and even John, kind good husband that he is, cannot understand all our vexations and discouragements, and so wearied do we often feel that it is too much for the household to depend on us, in addition to all our cares, for social sunshine as well. Yet the household does, and it must. Father may be bright and cheery, his laugh ring out, but if the mother's laugh fails, even the father's cheerfulness seems to lose much of its infection. In the sad but forcible lines of one of Joanna Baillie's dramas—

Her little child had caught the trick of grief,
And sighed amid its playthings—

we may catch a glimpse of the stern repressed life at Bothwell Manse, where "the repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, seems to have been the constant lesson." I remember well hearing a lady say, "When a child, I used to wish so often that my mother would look cheerful."

Then laugh, mother, even if you do feel almost too weary to exert the facial muscles, and you have to make a pitiful effort which comes nigh bringing tears instead of a laugh. You will feel better for the effort, and so will the children. The little ones, unconsciously to you and themselves, are catching the very phases of countenance which will go far to brighten or cloud some future home.

Then laugh, mother—parlor, nursery, and kitchen all feel the effect of your smile or frown. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down through generations, as well as her frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands forever still, there is no sweeter epitaph which children and friends can give than, "She was always bright and cheerful."

Tremor of Great Orators.

It is a curious fact that great orators seldom fail to be nervous with apprehension, when about to make an important speech. Luther, to his last years, trembled when he entered the pulpit. The same was true of Robert Hall. Mr. Gough confessed that he was always in a tremor in coming before an audience. Many of the leaders of the House of Commons in England have given similar testimony.

Canning said he could always tell in advance when he was about to make one of his best speeches by a chill running through him, caused by a fear of failure. Lord Derby, the father of the present Earl, when a young man, was one of the most impressive speakers in Parliament. He was known as the "Prince Rupert, of debate," and seemed so self-possessed as to be incapable of embarrassment. But he said:

"When I am going to speak, my throat and lips are as dry as those of a man who is going to be hanged."

Tierney, whom Lord Macaulay called one of the most fluent debaters ever known, said he never rose in Parliament without feeling his knees knock together. It is one of the compensations of nature that the nervous temperament which occasions the trembling is also one of the causes of oratorical success.

Laws of Development.

What does the story of life upon the earth teach us concerning the unfoldment of organic form? Is the human figure a chance-result of an evolutionary force which might have pursued a quite different direction, or are the laws of development such as to lead inevitably toward the form of man as their highest organic product? This is a question admitting of a more definite answer than may at first thought appear, as we show by a rapid survey of the various steps of the process. And, first, it must be borne in mind that Nature's efforts of animal and plant formation have been on no contracted scale. The varying forms produced have been almost multitudinous. They exist at present in the greatest variety. But the present is only the apex of a long succession o life epochs, each with its special organic group. We must multiply the existing forms by thousands of such epochs to obtain any adequate idea of the whole broad field of life. Plainly, then, Nature has not dealt sparsely with the subject, but has produced a most generous profusion of differing forms. Hence, narrow as is the field of the earth, there is reason to believe that the form-evolving principle has had full opportunity here to act, and that it has selected out the most favorable line of development from the many directions attempted. Life is an incessant battle—a battle for food and a battle for safety. The total quantity of food is limited. The powers of organic increase are unlimited. Thus a fight for food becomes necessary; a conflict in which no quarter is asked and none given. Victory inclines to the strongest and best armed. The successful combatant must have powers of defense against all Nature's defenses. In other words, the organism best adapted to its environments will win.

Quarrelsome.

The spirit of Bellona seems to inflame the soul of the humming-bird, small as it is. Whenever it happens that two of the species meet among my flowers, they signal the encounter with a shrill war-cry, and dash at each other in fierce antagonism.

For an instant they close together, then give each other chase, and with the speed of meteors are lost to my view. Shortly after, the return of one alone announces that the victory has been quick and decisive.

Diminutive as are the puny sprites, they are heavily charged with combativeness. The entire race are pugnacious and quarrelsome to an extraordinary degree, impudently assaulting each other, and birds of much greater size which venture into their neighborhood or occasion them a fancied annoyance.

Even the hawk is not safe from their attacks, and has been seen worried and whipped by them. Mr. Bates remarks, in delineating their truculent disposition, and the perpetual battles occurring in every flowery nook in the tropics where they congregate.

"One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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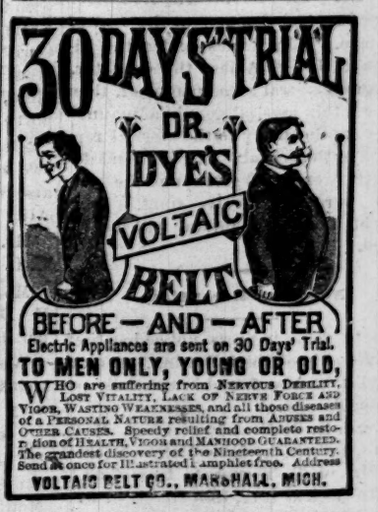

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